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Original Poetry.

TO S------ V------,

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ALLEN ALLOWAY

Thou will remember, will thou not,
The time we met upon,
Upon that holy day, and watched
The setting summer sun.
The lengthening shadows slowly crept
Toward us from the wood,
And there we talked of love, and wept,
In that sweet solitude.

The orchard lent behind us stood,
The meadow lay beneath,
Beyond stretched out the quiet wood
With golden light tipt over;
From out the long drawn forest aisle
Came pleasant songs of birds,
Whose cheerful tones blended the while
With our own saddened words.

We wept, and yet we knew not why
Of it was joy or fears.
That dimmed the brightly beaming eye
With softly glistening tears
And often words that in the heart
Were born of love and prayer,
Broke convulsed upon the lips
And trembled to despair.

And thou'rt remembered,—must forget,
The spreading apple tree,
Beneath whose foliage deep we met,
When long years had gone by
The tide of time was rolled away,
From off each constant heart,
And showed each still the same, yet we
Had met for o'er to part.

"Twere simple now to talk of love,
"Twas silent sin to meet;
Yet there we'll pray that He above
Will guide our wandering feet
Through this dark world, and then that we
May safely enter in
The world where partings are no more,
And love no more a sin.

Our Father! pardon, oh God how deep,
Thy other and than art gone.
I see thy fading, glancing shape,
To pass,—and I alone
The night is darkening over the ground,
And sorrows darkly swell,
With woe and grief I'm compassed round,
Oh, God! farewell—farewell!

Grove Hacte, Indiana.

Gems of Literature.

KATE BOUVERIE.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON

CHAPTER I.

"Well, my dear Harry, I declare you're hard worse than even your father was at your age. Kate does not lose her heart to you at first sight. I shall be much surprised." Such were the words addressed by the widow of Colonel Bouverie to her only son; and as she closed the sentence she dropped the eye-glass through which she had actively considered his features, and gave a sigh—regret, purely in the memory of her husband, and partly to the recollection of her own past levities, which a mirror opposite told her, had sadly faded during the three-and-twenty years which had restored the rosy infant into the young man by her side.

"I beat Kate is rather cold, mother."

"What do you mean, my dear Boy? she is a charming girl, with a large fortune, and you have been engaged to her these twelve years. What do you mean?" and again the eye-glass assisted the perception of the fair widow.

Harry Bouverie did not explain what he meant but he bit his lip, and looked out of the window, and then his eyes wandered to his two sisters, the younger of whom, Pamela, was lying half asleep on the sofa, her long black eyelashes all but closed on the greatest cheek in the world; while the elder, Annette, sat apparently reading, but occupied even with her book than the subject of conversation; of which, however, she took no further notice than by meeting her brother's glance with a meaning and reproachful smile.

"We shall start for Scotland next week," said Mrs. Bouverie, in a displeased tone; fixing her eyes on the *piquant* countenance of her rebellious daughter.

"So soon, mamma" murmured Pamela; unopening her wide blue eyes in astonishment at the idea of anything being performed in a week, she again resigned herself to a state of drowsy enjoyment, strongly resembling that in which an Angler is at present in summer day.

Annette made no reply, but the smile which had offended still lurked and quivered round the corners of her mouth.

"I wonder how Gertrude has turned out," thought the widow, as she withdrew her glance—"she was handsomer than either of her sisters—no—nothing can be handsomer than Pamela," as the eye-glass was allowed complacently to rest on the exquisitely proportioned form and beautiful face of her youngest daughter, while a vague and rapid calculation of the different sort of match she might expect, for each of the girls passed through her mind.

Pamela was already a Duchess, when a visitor arriving turned her thoughts into another channel.

When Mrs. Bouverie ran away with her penniless husband, and married him at Gretna Green, so much from love of the frolic as from love of the man, she acted upon impulse; but having her own reasons, in latter life, for disapproving of such sudden modes of action, she had vowed that she never would, and it was her boast that she never did, do anything without a plan."

She had successfully formed and executed a number of small plans, but her expected master stroke was to marry her son to his Cousin Kate, who was to inherit the whole of the Bouverie property.

In furtherance of this plan she had sent her daughter Gertrude to stay with General Bouverie and his daughter, during her own residence in Italy, for Pamela's health in furtherance of this plan, her letters to her absent child had always contained the most interesting accounts of Harry's sweet temper, talents, and anxiety to return from the continent; and in furtherance of this plan she was now about to visit Scotland, for the tender purpose of reclaiming her daughter, introducing her son, and paying a visit to the old General, who pleased with the prospect of marrying his child to a Bouverie, and thus keeping the property in the family, looked forward with eager satisfaction to their arrival.

Kate, too, anticipated with tranquil joy the fate which had been chalked out for her in infancy, and which appeared to promise all human happiness. She was already in love with Mrs. Bouverie's descriptions of her cousin; and forgetting that he was but a little fair sky boy when she had last seen him, imagined the ideal Harry to be the counterpart of the object of her affections.

Lady Catherine Bouverie, the General's wife, ran away from him soon after her marriage, and her husband was for a length of time inconsolable. He gave up all society, shut himself up in a wild and romantic place, he had in Northumberland, and devoted his whole life to his little girl.

Kate Bouverie became in consequence, at a very early age, the companion and friend of her father. She would sit with him when he had letters to write, and copy, in a clear neat hand, descriptions respecting farm business, and shew cattle, without ever wearying, or appearing to consider it a task.

Latin, Geography, and Arithmetic, were the studies pursued out to her by her father; she had no governess; a circumstance Bouverie counted seven philosophers on the score of a woman's sense, but she was an excellent French scholar, and took sketches from nature without any other assistance than what was afforded by intuitive talent. Such a mother, however, occupied but a small portion of her time.

Highly endowed, but well built, and vigorous in limb, her naturally good constitution strengthened by constant exercise, and the enjoyment of liberty; for her, the world fellow her father with a light step and a merry heart, in most of his shooting excursions; and when that father caught her glowing cheek and fearless eye, he felt as much tenderness and pride in her beauty, as ever mother in his newly-crowned child. Kate was also an incomparable horsewoman; no road was too dangerous, no steed too spirited for her nerves. The rank was to her a source of wild and intense enjoyment.

With this being, strange and eccentric in her habits, romantic and enthusiastic in her disposition, Mrs. Bouverie's second daughter, Gertrude, had spent the four last years of her girlhood.

Taken from amongst very worldly people, at an age when the youthful heart is most susceptible of strong impressions, no wonder if Gertrude, whose feelings were naturally warm, became ardently attached to this strangely fascinating being, the first she had ever seen who was perfectly natural.

The merits of Kate Bouverie (and she had many) were perfections;—her faults were not such in the eye of her youthful companion. Indeed, the latter became gradually as much the objects of admiration, as the more worthy points of her character; for Gertrude, with the same degree of ardent feeling, had few of her cousin's better qualities; headstrong, rebellious, gifted with intense vanity, and with something peculiar of harshness and coarseness in her ill-trained mind, she copied the habits, without being able to seize the virtues of Kate Bouverie; and the consequence was such as might be expected.

The same words and actions which acquired a wild charm from the native sweetness and originality of Kate, became perfectly odious when copied by Gertrude; and the utter want of tact she displayed, joined with her strange manners, made her conversation as galling to the feelings as if was revolting to the delicacy of those who were her occasional associates. Even Kate, who had sighed for a female companion to share her tasks and her sports, could scarcely be said to be fond of her present associate. Before Gertrude had been a fortnight at Heathcote-lodge, Kate heartily wished herself alone again, in spite of flattery, open and expressed, and the more silent and more gratifying flattery of imitation. What did Kate care whether others thought her handsome, when her father's eyes silently told her how much rather he would look on her countenance than on any other in the universe! What did she care that her horsemanship was admired, as long as her little Arab, Selim, carried her over the wild moor with the speed of lightning—the blue arch of Heaven over her, and the free air of Heaven round her head?

At length the day of meeting arrived. Mrs. Bouverie and her family (after being twice overturned) drove up the long avenue, and (never, perhaps, did an incongenial a party assemble round the dinner table as met that night.

The affected worldly mother; the conceited, talkative, half French, half English Annette; the insipid, languishing beauty, Pamela; and, opposite to these, the wild, but graceful and kind-hearted Kate, the shy, handsome Captain Bouverie, and Gertrude, half contemptuous, and half jealous, she looked at the manner and attire of her sisters.

Every day increased the mutually repellent nature of the qualities each was endowed with, by making them more known to each other; and it was with difficulty that Mrs. Bouverie concealed her dislike in order to forward a marriage so much to the advantage of her son.

Her misses were not so cautious; Annette, with a keen perception of the ridiculous, and considerable talent, occupied herself daily, almost hourly, in ridiculing—not Kate—she had tact enough to see that it would be a dangerous attempt—but the clumsy imitation of Gertrude she twisted with inexpressive satire; and the consequent coldness between the sisters drew the two cousins more together, and opened Kate's heart more towards the faulty Gertrude, than four years of constant companionship.

The submissive meekness of her niece, who christened the younger Miss Bouverie "the spiral and the decrease," made their affectionate mother ill for two days; and the vacillation of the old General, who said, on seeing Annette and Pamela enter the apartment in their baptismal dresses, "I wish to God, Mrs. Bouverie, you would put something decent on these girls," at length determined the crafty widow on making her own escape at least, and leaving her son to pay his court to his cousin beside at his leisure.

To Captain Bouverie she spoke of the extreme attachment of his cousin,

Interesting Letter.

LAMARTINE.

FROM THE PARIS CORRESPONDENT OF THE NEW-YORKER

A friend who occasionally visits at Lamartine's invited me to accompany him the other evening to see the orator and poet at home, and I was not backward in accepting the invitation. We went at the usual hour, and after the ceremonies of introduction were over I took my station in a corner where I could best fulfil the purpose for which I had come, namely, to see and hear.

It was Lamartine's regular evening for receiving company, and perhaps twenty persons were present, and among them a good proportion were ladies. Few visitors constantly come to fill the place of those who went, and the last was unobtrusively engaged in saying a few words to each as they entered; none of them were favored with any thing like a conversation, but as nearly all were old acquaintances, I noticed that in generally a minute was this short greeting seemed to be an exchange of more common place compliments; he spoke to them all as though he had something special to say to each. When there were any others he wished to treat with particular attention he would lead them to Madame Lamartine, who sat among the ladies in another part of the room, and then turn to meet some new comer.

To stand still or speak on one subject for any length of time seemed difficult. He was now here, now there, though moving always with such a decided and measured grace, that there was no appearance of haste in his steps; he spoke, too, with an easy fluttertness that gave the effect of deliberation to his language; his remarkable intellectual and physical quickness is natural and steady, and spontaneous as in all the rest in man of that temperament; he is like a bird that flies swiftly without any wresting of its wings, a swallow for instance.

None of the portraits of Lamartine convey a good idea of his expression; indeed I may say that none of them convey any idea at all. That in the collection of books of the Provisional Government is particularly unlike him. His face is older a good deal, and has a certain expression of the man of the world which that does not give; he cities, as I saw him the other evening it was much more genial and happy, but that difference is accounted for by the difference in circumstances. There was something about the general style of his appearance which reminded me strongly of two men who are very unlike each other, and quite as much unlike M. Lamartine perhaps; I mean Henry Clay and William Henry Channing. He has the nervous temperament and ideality of the one combined with the Southern grace and readiness of the other.

I was struck above all by the mental rapidity of the remarkable man I was studying. In the course of the evening he spoke for a few moments with my friends on a subject of some importance on which they had previously had conversations; he seemed to perceive by lightning; before you had fairly hinted your thought he was master of it and saw it in its whole scope and consequences. I never knew such swiftness of intuition; he did not reasoning, did not think, but say; that seemed to be the characteristic of his mind. It has not the faculty of analysis, but of intuition; it never enters into details, but stays in the broadest generalizations; it is elective and composite-naive, but not acute or more; it can give you the noblest ideas, but never pulls when or how they must be put in execution.

Lamartine has all the sensitiveness of a great Frenchmen. A tall and graceful person, a face which is not handsome, but which beyond any that I ever saw has the capacity of magnetic illumination, a clear voice, a large organ of language, with the musical quickness of a French speaker, and the French facility of exaltation or enthusiasm in its highest degree; to see him five minutes and hear him speak, was to appreciate his power in that particular. With an English or an American audience who would subject to a critical which he was speaking he would yet be sure of success, but let him stand on the steps of the Hotel de Ville with a Paris mob to be governed through the feelings and the imagination and he is irresistible.

Perhaps some of your readers will ask whether I mean to deny that Lamartine is a man of genius. By no means. Though I have no great liking for terms so indefinite, I should say that no man ever had a better claim to be called a man of genius. Not that he is a very original, or a very profound man; he is both in some measure of both these. He is not a man to make an epoch, but himself most palpably the result of one; he is not a creator, but a man created and inspired by the times in which he lives. But no man is a genius in every thing, and perhaps more than that. We suppose are genius in something. Lamartine's genius is in the line I have spoken of above; it is the genius of intuition, of enthusiasm and of language. He is not a discoverer of new truths, nor an organizer of new institutions, but an exponent that knows how to build up a state and put energy, justice and economy into the mechanism of society. He is rather a seer who perceives at a distance the chief landmarks that must guide the march of the day; with wisdom is to do these whenever or the day after he has seen and comes himself, but the duties now to be performed he states so eloquently that all men are persuaded, often so vaguely that they are not repelled by any idea that they themselves must undertake them.

The head of Lamartine is quite small in proportion to his person, but it is round and equally developed. His forehead is high as represented in the portraits and rather retreating—his inclines to baldness, and his hair, once a light brown is becoming grey. But any description or quantity of brain is made up by the great activity of the nervous system and by the nearness of its fibres. The organs of benevolence, reverence, firmness, conscientiousness and love of approbation are fully developed, particularly the last. Self-esteem is comparatively small; and the base of the head struck me as quite defective in volume. Indeed, this is the great defect in his character, as expressed in his face and personal appearance, if not in his writings and public policy. He lacks sensuality, if I may use that expression. He is too little connected with mother earth and solid matter; there is a want of substantiality, of weight; he is too light and aerial; there is no force in his footstep, it is like the spring of a grey-hound.

These thoughts had passed through my mind as I stood in my corner, when I turned to go into another room which opened from the saloon. It seemed to be Lamartine's *cabinet du travail*, or study; on the sofa a beautiful Italian greyhound was sleeping. I was struck by the colonel rose and said to myself that this was certainly the symbol of the man. Looking up at the moment my eye fell on a full length portrait of him taken many years since, and there two dogs of the same species were painted with their master. This illustrates his delicate and gentlemanly taste, as did the books and the engravings which were scattered about on the tables. I trust it was not improper to look at this room with interest; it was just left as if the poet-statesman had been writing or reading in it all the morning; one table was covered with papers and pens; a few cigars lay on the material-piece; on the sofa some fresh cut pamphlets and books; here and there, indicated that it was not long since they had been explored and laid aside. The walls were hung with pictures some of them were portraits of eastern subjects, some copies of the old masters; I was told that they were almost every one from the pencil of Madame Lamartine. Some ladies were admiring them aloud, and it required no feeling of one's consciousness to join in their praise.

I was delighted to see that, like many other literary men, Lamartine maintained among his books and papers an order of their own very different from mathematical precision. They were left apparently just as they had been used; volumes of engravings, books of history and of poems dispersed among each other in a variety which only to attained a treatment of the same because the practical philosophy could fully appreciate; to a prodigal person it would have seemed hopeless confusion.

I sought in vain among the company present for notabilities; there were several members of the Assembly present, but none of the leaders of the parties, and none of the men of either of the governments that have existed since the revolution, with the exception of the host himself. It was enough, however, for the evening to meet him surrounded by his personal friends, and, to borrow an expression, to feel his magnetism. The elevation of sentiment, the sincerity and the freshness of the man were as agreeable as the south wind on a summer evening, and I made my adieus with even a stronger sense of respect for him, now that I felt that I understood him better, than I had done before. There is great truth in the optimism which he adheres to so firmly; all men are good and all men have some truth in them; we are foolish to complain that the one are not perfect, and that the other have a large alloy of error;—such as they are they do their work. Lamartine was not raised to the position in which the revolution placed him; had he been he would have been the greatest man in history, for his position was the greatest. But he did for France and for Humanity what no other man could have done, and that will remain to his honor forever. He has the ability to do a great and noble work, and in time he will probably be called on to do it.

NEVERSATIONS OF SOMEBODY.—A friend of mine sent me a few days ago a cage-like Virginia nightingale as a present to Mrs. S. C. Hall, the clever Irish novelist. By the Goldens he received a letter from Mr. Hall, the husband of the lady, from which he has permitted us to make the following extract:—

"The nightingale is in capital health and its lightest song. Wonderfully since a week he has a friend of mine with the far famed *Sunny Lind*, who loves to sit by his side and sing to him in return for his song."

Mr. and Mrs. Hall live in a pretty cottage on Bromptonon, to the delight of the neighbors and the Dominick nightingale, as she is called, occupies a cottage only a few yards distance.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1848.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Poems. We believe these two terms understanding of the kind alluded to, and therefore have directed the charge to be cancelled. For the future, however, we shall be compelled to decline such an discussion.

Omega Omicron. We have received another that letter from our friend Omega, but at too late a moment to allow of its insertion this week. It shall appear in our next.

REMOVAL.

Our subscribers will please take notice that we have removed the office of the Post, from No. 98 Chestnut Street, to No. 60 South Third Street, first house below the Girard Bank. Our office is in the *second* story, above that of the North American.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will point themselves and put up large clubs for the ensuing Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers for a good family paper, and those who take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that the *postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the newest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for a club, would render a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

IRELAND.

Those of our readers who had indulged the belief or even the hope that the reported news of a great battle in Ireland was true, will read the synthetic accounts in this week's paper, with a considerable degree of sadness. Yet, the great rebellion, that was to have been—the mighty effort which was to give form and substance to the mighty words which have been spoken—has fallen to the ground almost without even a spasmodic struggle for existence. And poor Smith O'Brien, the "head and front of this offending" of English power, has deliberately put himself into a prison, and, we greatly fear, into a halter.

One of two conclusions seems to be established by this abortive attempt in Ireland to follow the republican fashion lately set by the French, Italians and Germans. Either that the Irish leaders are unworthy to lead the Irish people; or else that the Irish really are, as their English oppressors have always pretended to be treated, a people incapable of themselves. As for Smith O'Brien, he appears to be a very good, humane, and harmless sort of a man—and with the peculiar notions as to conducting a rebellion, that such a kind of man might be expected to have, he has shown that he wished to drive the English out of Ireland, without hurting any body. It is stated in one of the papers, as a reason, we believe, why the English government should now deal leniently towards him, that he refused to cut the throat of a gaoler who, that would have decided the opening stroke in his favor at Ballingarry. He is also alleged to have refused to allow the taking of a gun from an opponent, without his consent. In fact, he seems to have been one of the gentlest of insurrectionists, with a kind of humane, physician-like repulsion. And the only wonder is, if we rightly understand his make and disposition, that he ever left Conciliation Hall at all.

And yet we would not be unjust toward this unfortunate man. If his thought in fact appears to us to warrant the forcible-feeble character we have drawn of him, there is another side of the picture. It may be that O'Brien was deceived as to the readiness of the country people to flock to his standard; though he was resolved himself to raise the standard, that he was not ready to become the chief of a band of outlaws, doomed from the start to be inevitably shot down or captured in the end. Finding that the people remained at home, in obedience to their priests, instead of crowding in great numbers to the support of "the good cause," it may be he saw no prospect of success from the first, and concluded that all the blood which should be spilled, would be just that much useless carnage.

And now that we have put this latter view into form, it really does begin to look more plausible than we before thought it; and we are more disposed than at first, to speak kindly of Smith O'Brien. Better indeed must have been the feelings of his countrymen towards him, if the Lion-spirit avoided him, as he plunged deeper and deeper into the wild depths of the bills. Instead of men ready to set their lives upon a cast for their country's cause, he found a crowd there and hunts that wanted and his pursuers. What if he was dared at that a jail and a gallows loomed less terrible in the distance, than the woes which surrounded the hunted fugitive in the midst of his craven friends?

As to the fate of O'Brien, much sympathy doubtless will be manifested for him, if there are no further disturbances, in England as well as in Ireland. We think, if he is saved from death, it will only be through the clemency of the crown. The London Times, which speaks, it is said, half officially, expressed itself in favor of mercy. After magnifying the enormity of the offence, and trying that "in the midst of the most refined and civilized countries, and surrounded as we are by every enhancement that luxurious caprice can desire or hungry impunity satisfy, we are still but as the confining men of the Roman satirist—four-fingerbreadths, or, at the utmost, seven—and then destruction!" it continued in that tone as follows:

They (the insurgents) are public enemies in the most lamentable sense of the word. Patience and endurance have been fairly tired out. These men have challenged society to the contest, and they now lie wounded at the feet of those whom they defied. The time is at length come when the majesty of government must be asserted with the highest crime known to the law.

This is explicit—and whether it be half-official or not, it probably embodies the sentiment of the most influential classes in the united kingdom.

Still we can hardly think that, under the circumstances, this severity of judgment will prevail. We are inclined to believe that the prosecution will be pushed into a sentence of death—and then, when but a single plank intervenes between the prisoner and his doom, that the clemency of the crown will be extended to moderate, if not to annul his punishment.

NEVER DESPAIR.

N. P. Willis recently met with Professor Morse, the inventor of the Magnetic Telegraph. In the course of the conversation, Mr. Morse stated that ten years ago, under ill health and discouragement, he "would gladly have sealed himself of any divine authorization for terminating a life of which the possessor was weary." Mr. Willis thinks the scenes which such a test as this will suggest to every reflective mind, justifies him in urging the sacredness of prolonged existence, to give it to the world. Truly it is an instance of the frequent changes from darkness to bright light, in this world, which it is well to lay before the many who at all times are despairing, and who in the pain and weariness and disappointment of their lives, are only prevented by their scorn-tion of its sinfulness, from self-destruction. For there are thousands at all times, ready to exclaim with the poet:

"For who would bear the whips and scorns of time, The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, The pangs of despised love, the law's delay, The insolence of office, and the spurns That patient merit of the unworthy takes, When he himself might his quietus make With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear, To grunt and sweat under a weary life, But that the dread of something after death,—The undiscovered country, from whose bourn No traveller returns—puzzles the will, And makes us rather bear those ills we have, Than fly to others that we know not of?"

But let all despairing souls take courage from this instance of Mr. Morse, and from hundreds of others which are constantly occurring. Ten years may make all the difference between the unhappy outer tenant, and the possessor of fame and wealth. The wheel of fortune is constantly turning, and there is even such a thing to a brave spirit, as encountering bad luck. Well did the ancients represent Fortune under the guise of a capricious woman, whose pleasure it was to debase the proud and high, and to exalt the humble and lowly. But yet Fortune has generally a method in her seeming madness. As a general truth, it is only those who deserve success that are exalted by her; and only those who have become vain and giddy with their elevation, that are cast down. The poor man who, in his poverty, maintains a high heart, of unfeigned sense of right, and an unbounded spirit, is the one most likely to be made the recipient of Fortune's favors; while he who yields himself up to poverty, or his unfortunate circumstances, and struggles not against them with all his energies of right, meets with no opportunities of advancement, no changes for the better.

FREE WILL.

A correspondent of the Hedgehog, the organ of the American Presbyterians, in an article upon the Presidency and the Will, says:

If by the theory of certain necessitarians, there be in the universe only the Creator and the creatures, how shall the latter possess anything which is independent from the former? The logical conclusion to which the advocate of free will is reduced here, we confess and acknowledge. For if man be created, he is not self-existent, which is understood from his Creator. If so, then his freedom is a gift of God. If so, then his responsibility perishes. If so, then the recipient gives to God, not a creation of truth. And yet to establish this, he entered upon his labor! Then the advocates of human freedom, or of such a doctrine in most or modern him justly accountable to God for his actions, find themselves crushed beneath the very edifice that plans but unskilful hands have reared to the Deity.

We do not perceive the dilemma which the writer of the above establishes so clearly to his own mind. We do not see how it necessarily follows, that if "man's freedom is a gift of God," man's "responsibility perishes." What is it, in fact, but stating, in other words, that if man's freedom is a gift of God, man's *freedom* perishes? For *responsibility* and *freedom*, are so closely allied in meaning, that in the above sentence, one may be very fairly substituted for the other. But, to say that if man's freedom be a gift of God, man's freedom perishes, is simply to say that God cannot give freedom to man—which is the very thing to be proved.

In relation to the questions of Free Will, the existence of evil in the world, &c., we embrace this opportunity to say a few words. An argument of the following character, is sometimes put by the sceptical, which many find it hard to answer. It is asked why, if God be good, He did not so make man that he should not be inclined to evil and it is answered that God having made man with a liability to sin, God is the author of evil, and not the perfectly righteous Being that He is depicted.

Now this course of reasoning, which has found a lodgment in many minds, more captious and ingenious than wise and reverential, should not be always met with something more solid than pious exclamations of horror. Such notions are irreverend enough, we grant, but exclamations will not remove them. The simple answer which should be given, it seems to us, is this:

God might have avoided all the evil in the world, by not creating a being like man. He might have made a beast of the field, in the shape of man, and that beast would have moved in the sphere allotted to it, as the planets do in their orbits, and never sin. But the difference between man and a beast, mainly consists in the fact that to the former is given Freedom of the Will. Man without this Freedom of the Will, would not be man; he would be an inferior order of being. The whole matter then finally resolves itself into this. Was it well that a being like man, with his power of endless progression and advancement, and the consequent necessary liability to excess and degradation, should be created? God, in His infinite wisdom and goodness, thought it was, and man was created.

Now, supposing that man had been created as he is, with the single omission of Freedom of the Will—what we call virtue, would have no existence. Virtue in the Agency there could be no virtue. It is no virtue in the planets that they revolve regularly in their orbits; nor in the beasts of the field that they perform the parts that have been allotted to them.

But it not commend itself, therefore, to every man of common intelligence, that it is well that man was created with such exalted powers; with such capabilities of practising virtue, that he can become but little lower than the angels—even though, in thus creating him, the liability of sin had to be encountered. If the victim could have been attained without the chances of sin, it would be different; but virtue requires freedom, and freedom necessarily implies the power to choose the wrong.

Looking at the world in this light, we see nothing not reconcilable with the attributes of a perfectly wise and benevolent Creator. Whatever evil there is in the world, is simply, in fact, the result of man's free agency. He has abused the good gifts of his Maker, gifts so good that they necessarily imply the power of abuse, let him not attempt to throw off the burden of his sin, upon the gracious Giver. But we rather cautiously acknowledge his own unworthiness, and while patiently enduring the penalties of his many transgressions, fall not to "vindicate the ways of God to man."

D'ISRAELI'S OPINION.

Mr. D'Israeli, the well known author, chief of the "Young England" party, and the most eloquent commoner living, thus discoursed recently in the House of Commons, relative to the Irish movement:

It is not an agrarian movement; it is not a religious movement; it is not, in my opinion, a movement arising from any sentiment of perverted nationality. It is neither more nor less than an Anti-Jacobin movement. It is neither more nor less than a Jacobin movement, ("hear," and cheers;) and looking upon Jacobinism to be neither more nor less than a system of universal plunder and of unmitigated violence, (Cheers.) I think it is our duty to grapple with the evil in which we are making light states. Many more greater than their violence, and with a determination to maintain every social principle and every social right, with a courage equal to that audacity which has been too much encouraged by events that have fortunately not yet occurred in England, and not yet in Ireland.

In England, when a man gets to the end of his rope in denunciation, and wishes to go even a little beyond that, he calls his opponents, Jacobins. Beyond this the English imagination can conceive nothing terrible or horrible. Therefore when Mr. D'Israeli had characterized the Irish rebellion as Jacobinism, he had done his best and prettiest, or his worst and ugliest, whichever form of expression the reader may choose. But, seriously, is it not astonishing that a man of sense and spirit, like D'Israeli, even though he be one of the greatest coxcombs in England, cannot see the merits of the quarrel in a little juster light, and not talk quite so much like a donkey!

MR. PICOT'S SCHOOL.

In our advertising columns a notice of the opening of this excellent and popular institution for young ladies, will be found. It has been established in this city for twenty-six years; and during that time it has been sending forth into the country and elsewhere as well as into every part of the Union, some of the most accomplished ladies in the country. We learn from a friend, whose daughters have been educated at this school, that the secret of Mr. Picot's success as a teacher, is in his method of instruction, which unites with a thorough English education, a familiar knowledge of the French language and literature. His mode of teaching is the same used in the place of a Parisian institution, of which he was a pupil. The same and self possession with which the elder one went through with her work, and the confidence of her touch when the string had attained its proper tension arrested my eye and ear. I waited with an involuntary curiosity to know what kind of music she would bring out at last. She could not have been more than ten years of age, but her actions were as deliberate and conscious as a woman's. Was it her peculiar temperament, or had her early education had the simple thoughtlessness of childhood? After a wild, bold prelude, when she played with a firm hand, she began a song with a rich, masculine fullness of voice which startled me. The measure was majestic and inspiring, and the melody was in a strange style of harmony of all modern form and character, yet of great sweetness and beauty. It was a Welsh national air, with the grand, marching rhythm which all the Welsh songs possess; it was a strain which could only have been composed among mountains and unvisited solitudes. Her voice was loud and bold, as if she stood among the mists of Llancberris, or sought out the stormy crags of Snowdon.

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THE BALLOT QUESTION.

The following resolution was carried recently in the Reform Convention, by a majority of 20 to 18 votes:

Resolved, That it is expedient, in the election for members to serve in the Parliament, that the voices of the electors be taken by way of ballot.

The mover of the resolution, Mr. H. Berkeley, disclaimed his advantage, from secret voting, in common, and gave notice that early next session, he would move for leave to bring in a bill for taking the votes at the election of members to serve in Parliament by ballot. This announcement was hailed with derisive cheers.

The vote by ballot is very much desired by the liberal party of England, as the present system, in which the voter openly enunciates his choice at the polls, is considered unfavorable to the poor man's freedom of choice.

ERROR.

The article on our first page headed "Sketches cut *regulated* by a flower," should have been headed "Sketches *refused* by a flower," as it was written.

Life in New York.

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

NO. XVII.

A FEW BARS OF WELSH MUSIC—A CHILD'S HEAD IN COLORS.

New York, August 28, 1848.

GENTLEMEN:—You are doubtless fully able to supply the weekly literary banquet which you serve up to us (as I am glad to see) appreciating public, with abundance of strong seasoning from the various excitements of the day. Indeed, in my mind's eye I can see you with an industrious pen, and a pleasant, preparing the plain, wholesome cookery of your many contributors, with just enough of exciting incident to give it a piquant relish. There is folly so nice an understanding of harmonious proportion in the arrangement of a literary paper as in the compounding of a French salad, or the preparation of a *pate de foie gras*. I will not carry the comparison further, for although all of your readers no doubt think poetry and provisions very good things separately, they might deem it a want of reverence to institute a parallel between them. What I want, is, to "log off" from tossing my pan up to excitement pitch tonight, and renewing for you the Irish enthusiasm at Vauxhall, the steamboat collisions in the Sound, or the indignant denunciations of the Taylor, Cass, Van Buren, etc., etc., parties, severally and collectively.

In the midst of this restless whirl of life,—into whose great tide are mingled drops from almost every stream of action on the globe, there is something in my rather impressible nature have been caught by two simple incidents. They are trifling in themselves, and may happen to any one at any time, yet to me they gave the same sensation as that of seeing a fragrant wild rose by the highway, or which one has travelled for a weary day through weeds and sand. Perhaps I am consulting my own impulse of expression rather than a regard to what may interest your readers, in describing these common glimpses of life, yet for once I will trust that our feelings run in the same channel.

I was going up the Bowery a few nights ago, finding sufficient entertainment in the variegation of characters which the crowd on its left pave exhibited, when I was stopped by a cluster of tattered children, and a few grown up individuals. They were grouped around two small girls, one of whom was tuning a harp, while the other was transferring a piece of crayon from a small tin plate in her hand to her apron pocket. The ease and self possession with which the elder one went through with her work, and the confidence of her touch when the string had attained its proper tension arrested my eye and ear. I waited with an involuntary curiosity to know what kind of music she would bring out at last. She could not have been more than ten years of age, but her actions were as deliberate and conscious as a woman's. Was it her peculiar temperament, or had her early education had the simple thoughtlessness of childhood? After a wild, bold prelude, when she played with a firm hand, she began a song with a rich, masculine fullness of voice which startled me. The measure was majestic and inspiring, and the melody was in a strange style of harmony of all modern form and character, yet of great sweetness and beauty. It was a Welsh national air, with the grand, marching rhythm which all the Welsh songs possess; it was a strain which could only have been composed among mountains and unvisited solitudes. Her voice was loud and bold, as if she stood among the mists of Llancberris, or sought out the stormy crags of Snowdon.

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RIGHT.

Often are pleased to learn that an appropriation was made by Congress, of Ten Thousand Dollars for surf-boats, rockets, carronades, and other necessary apparatus, for the better preservation of life and property from shipwreck on the coast of New Jersey, but seven Barely Hook and Little Egg Harbor—the same to be expended under the superintendence of such officer as may be detached for this duty by the Secretary of the Treasury.

NOT A SHAKER MISTAKE.

It now appears that the extract of belladonna, sold some time since as extract of dandelion, causing in several instances serious sickness, was not the extract made by the Shaker Society at New Lebanon. The persons who sold the article in question, in New York, has not been the Shaker agent for two years past. He ought to be "hissed over the coals."

PLAINFIELD BANK.

The Receivers have given notice that they will pay the certificates of business issued by them, in future at the president of their office in Newark, N. J., between the hours of 10 A. M. and 3 P. M. The certificates must be endorsed by the persons to whom they were given, and surrendered to the Receivers.

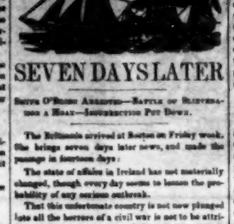
REMOVAL.

Messrs. Dunlap & Smith, hatmakers, have removed from their old store, corner of Fourth and Arch streets, to a more commodious building, at the North-West corner of Fifth and Arch. Those wishing to obtain articles in their line, would do well to give them a call before purchasing elsewhere.

PHILADELPHIA HIGH SCHOOL.

The Fall Session of this Institution commenced on Monday, the 28th ult., with five hundred and four scholars.

FOREIGN NEWS.



SEVEN DAYS LATER

SEVEN O'BRIEN ARRESTED—SEVEN OR SEVENTEEN A HOAX—INSURRECTION PUT DOWN.

The Britannia arrived at Boston on Friday week, the brings seven days later news, and made the passage in fourteen days:

The state of affairs in Ireland has not materially changed, though every day seems to lessen the probability of any serious outbreak.

That this unfortunate country is not now plunged into all the horrors of a civil war is not to be attributed to the disinclination of the people to rise in arms, but rather owing to the want of able and trustworthy leaders.

No serious disturbance in Ireland has occurred since the rolling of the Cambria. The Tribune's news of the battle of Slievenamon is proved to be, as was expected by everybody, a most outrageous hoax. William Smith O'Brien was arrested at the Boldoyle station at Thorles, on Saturday evening last, while in the act of procuring a ticket for Limerick, where, it is said, he intended to take refuge among his friends. Immediately after his arrest, he was marched to Bridewell, and subsequently was conveyed to Dublin, and lodged in Kilmainham jail.

After O'Brien's arrest, he is said to have expressed himself satisfied of the hopelessness of accomplishing his object, and that he was induced to leave his retreat in the mountains, because the further he went the more the people seemed to hear to harbor him, or to hold any communication with him. He is said to be cheerful, and his wife is allowed free access to him; other friends are permitted to converse with him in the presence of the jail authorities.

Richard O'Gorman, for whose arrest three hundred pounds are offered, on attempting to escape from the country, was arrested by the Coast Guard, after he had crossed the Shannon in an open boat. The notice was forthwith sent to the police, but before they arrived, O'Gorman had persuaded his captors that he was a mere traveller from Derry to Clare, and left in a boat. He subsequently boarded a vessel bound down the Shannon, for America, in which he escaped. A war steamer had been despatched after the vessel.

We have received, by the arrival of the Britannia, English papers down to the 11th ult.

A guard, working upon the Limerick Railway, has received the reward of £300 for discovering the secreting Mr. Smith O'Brien.

The Emperor of Austria intended to abdicate. Doubtful.

Three American sympathizers with Ireland, Dr. McCarron, Mr. Duffy, and another named Bergin, have been arrested and lodged in Newgate.

There are the usual conflicting accounts about the potato crop in Ireland. But most certainly the blight is making progress in various districts. The for greater portion of the crop, however, is still quite safe.

The insurrection appears to be quelled almost entirely. Offers of surrender have been made on the part of the insurgents. The leaders of O'Brien are now lost, and there they remained at check until he actually walked into the midst of them the following evening, when out, it would seem, by his sufferings, but, above all, determined no longer to risk the safety of those who were adhering him shelter.

In the prison there he wrote two letters (as the emigrants who was with him told me) with perfect calmness—one to his wife at Limerick, telling her to meet him in his prison at Dublin (she went immediately) and the other to Mr. Meagher, of Dubany, at Cashel, for a portmanteau he had left there. "You were deceived, Mr. O'Brien," said the magistrate, who is long officially acquainted with Tipperary, "by the accounts of the state of the country you received before you left Paris; a man lately one of the most distressed in the county of Tipperary, his head turned by his late rescue at Cashel, and by the shouts of the men on Slievenamon." "You mean Dobeny," was the only answer.

I returned on Saturday morning by way of Limerick to Nenagh. The night air was giving way before a fresh morning breeze, delicious to the most impressive discourse to his flock, on the criminality of the club system, and I have no authority for stating that it produced the very best results. The police in this county are extremely vigilant. Patrols scour the country every night, and all persons found out at unreasonable hours are searched.

THE INSURRECTIONARY MOVEMENT.—Arrests and "searches for arms" still continue the main staple of our political news. The Cork papers inform us that the people are very much incensed against the entrance of Russian troops. The Russians have already retired from Jassy, and will be replaced by Turkish tro

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1848.

A QUAKER POETESS.

A correspondent of the Ledger, of this city, tells the following anecdote of a Quaker poetess, which we understand is strictly true. The "distinguished British philanthropist" referred to, is said to have been a celebrated Quaker minister, now deceased, who visited this country a number of years ago, and whose writings have lately created much discussion among the Orthodox branch of the society.

Who has not heard of Virgil receiving ten sesterces per line, of the large sums paid Byron or Scott for some of their poems, of Lamartine's asking price—forty thousand francs—for his tragedy, Graziella, or the life of Tasso? [Cervantes? But what is all this, friendly reader, to what I am going to relate to thee. And in order to do it, I must first tell thee a story—listen to me patiently.

It has been now some or seventeen years since there appeared in one of the Philadelphia journals, under the caption, "Lines Suggested by the Presence of the English Friends now in America," a poem, yea, a poem of forty-six lines, no more, nor no less. The effusion was what it professed to be, a congratulatory epistle, addressed to two English Friends, whose visit to this country was a mission of gospel love to the churches here. It happened, as it sometimes will occasionally happen, that, in casting their eyes over the journal they noticed the article in question, and were pleased with the friendly feeling by which it seemed to have been inspired. The poem was anonymous, yet, upon the inquiry, they found that the writer was a fair countrywoman of ours, whose fame had hitherto scarcely travelled out of the limits of her own quiet country air. They sought an interview with this modest, unpretending Quaker girl, who, while she was penning the article in question, was little aware of the feeling it would awaken in the bosom of those warm-hearted Friends; nor did the dream of wind than humble tribute of hers was destined to land to. The interview was satisfactory, and a firm friendship commenced between the parties, so that when those public Friends, of whom we have spoken, had finished their mission, and were preparing to return to their homes, this young lady, by a warm invitation on their part, was induced to accompany them, and was introduced by them into the circles in which they moved—the Quaker aristocracy of old England. Some time after, a distinguished British philanthropist, now deceased, met her, and we presume was forcibly smitten with her charms, for not many years afterwards we find the acquaintance renewed, which had been ripened into an attachment, and they were accordingly united in marriage, adhesive and definitive, as the lawyer would say, or as better expressed, "*sine injuria tibi sifus*," without injury to any one. A few years afterwards the husband died, and by his will it was found he had left his wife seventy thousand—seventy thousand pounds for forty-six lines of poetry!

AMERICAN GOLD.

Another counterfeiter of American gold coin has been captured at Boston. When arrested, he was found at work with a galvanic battery in full operation, galvanizing counterfeit quarter eagles. One hundred and eighteen counterfeit eagles were found, in addition to the increase of counterfeits, Thompson's Bank Note Reporter says:

We are again impelled to call attention to the fact that a large amount of spurious American gold is now in circulation. There are different processes by which silver pieces are made to represent gold; the most successful is that of galvanizing them, which imparts a clear, mint-like appearance to the piece. Another process is that of plating, but this leaves the piece with a heavy, pasted appearance, and consequently less likely to deceive. The former (galvanic) process is the most likely to deceive, particularly as the pieces are made rather larger and thicker than the genuine, and have the edge finished. The best method of detection—first compare them with the genuine in one and then in weight.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 154—adults 84, and children 70.

Political Intelligence

MORE LETTERS.

Another letter from General Taylor or, rather an extract from one, is published in the Charleston, S. C. papers. It is addressed to a gentleman of that city. It is as follows:

"I never had any aspirations for the Presidency, nor have I now, further than the wishes of my friends are concerned in the matter; nor would I have it on any other terms than I stated when the subject was first mentioned to me, that my acceptance must be without pledges or being trammelled in any way, so that I could be the President of the whole Nation and not of a Party.

"I have accepted the nomination of the Philadelphia Convention, as well as the nomination of many patriotic citizens of other parts of the Union, in some instances irrespective of party; and would have accepted the nomination of the Baltimore Convention, had it been tendered on the same terms. I am now fully, if not *finally*, before the country as a candidate for the Chief Magistracy; and it should be my good or bad fortune to be elected, I trust my course will be such, for the most part, as regards the management of our national affairs, as will meet the approbation of my fellow citizens. Should it fail to be so, they will, I better myself, have the charity to attribute my errors to the head, and not to the heart."

Since the above, another letter has been received by the Democratic citizens of Charleston, who nominated Taylor for President and Butler for Vice President. The General accepts the nomination in the usual complimentary terms. He says:

BATON ROUGE, LA., Aug. 9, 1848.

SIR—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 26th ult., officially announcing to me my nomination for the Presidency by a large number of the Democratic citizens of Charleston, South Carolina, held at that city on the 26th ult., and over which you were the presiding officer.

This deliberate expression of the friendly feeling existing towards me among a large and respectable portion of the citizens of your distinguished State, has been received by me with emotions of profound gratitude; and though it be but a poor return for such a high and unsought honor, I beg you to accept my heartfelt thanks.

Concluding that this nomination, like all others which I have had the honor of receiving from assemblages of my fellow citizens in various parts of the Union, has been generously offered to me, without pledges or conditions, it is thankfully accepted.

In addition to the above, a third letter has been received in relation to charges made against him of abusing the volunteers. To these charges Gen. Taylor gives an indignant denial. Among other things, he says:

Not a drop of American blood was shed by my order while in Mexico, nor that of a Mexican, except in the heat of battle.

POLITICAL ITEMS.

The Sierra Madre project is stated by the New Orleans papers, to be headed now by Colonel H. L. Kinney, of Texas, a bold, daring man.

The Buchanan Central Committee of the State of New Jersey, have called a Convention to nominate electors of President and Vice President, to meet on the 13th of September.

Sherrit Smith gives out that he does not withdraw his name as a candidate for the Presidency. He has received the nomination of the National Reformers, and a portion of the Abolition party, and will not yield to Mr. Van Buren, or any body else. He says he considers himself the candidate of the Abolitionists, while Messrs. Van Buren and Adams represent the Anti-Slavery party.

Dr. Duncan has been defeated for Congress before the Democratic Nominating Convention of Hamilton county, Ohio.

The Hon. Isaac E. Holmes is announced as a candidate for re-election to the Charleston District, S. C. Mr. Holmes is now said to be the only member in the present delegation favorable to Gen. Taylor's election. An active opposition is organizing against Mr. Holmes, in Charleston, and have nominated Mr. A. Burden as a competitor.

Hon. William C. Rives has accepted the office of Whig Elector, for the Albemarle District in Virginia, to which he was originally appointed, but which he then felt himself constrained to decline from considerations of a private character.

The Louisville Journal understands from one of Gen. Taylor's friends, that he will probably be compelled to visit that city in a few weeks, on important private business.

Edwin Croswell, of the Argus, it is rumored, has received the appointment of Postmaster at Albany.

The vote at the recent election in Kentucky, in favor of a Common School tax, was overwhelming, and shows quite conclusively, that the sentiment of the people of that State upon this subject, is far in advance of that of their Representatives in the Legislature. The tax is to be raised by a levy of two cents on the one hundred dollars of property.

Major Graham has addressed a letter to the War Department, demanding a court martial for trial on the charges preferred against him by Senator Benton. He declares them to be "devoid of truth and justice, and that the odium attaching to them will be found on investigation to rest not in anywise on him, but altogether on his accuser."

Thaddeus Stevens, Esq., has been nominated for Congress by the Whig Convention of Lancaster county, and will probably, as Lancaster is a strong Whig county, be elected.

"FREE AND EASY"!!

They have a very nice, free and easy way of doing things in the Wisconsin Legislature. There is none of that solemn gravity and solemnity-like stiffness in their movements, which characterizes some other legislatures. Read the following from the Milwaukie Sentinel, of July 1st:

"The senate then went into Committee on the bill regulating the sale of the university lands, and was proceeding pretty quietly with the deliberations, when it was disturbed by the 'grand entrée,' of Raymond & Co's. menagerie, and a general rush to the windows followed. Mr. Kinney moved that the Committee rise to 'see the elephant,' which was speedily done, and the members, officers and reporters, scarce even on their way to 'see the show.' The 'night' seen, the Senate again went into Committee, and at the usual dinner hour rose, reported progress, and adjourned till to-morrow morning, to attend the circus this afternoon."

MR. VAN BUREN.

Mr. Van Buren has written a two and a half column letter, announcing his acceptance of the nomination of the Buffalo Convention. He enters into a long argument to prove the justice and constitutionality of opposing the extension of slavery into any of the territories of the United States; and expresses the opinion that while Congress has the right, it would be impolitic to exercise the power of abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia; although he would not vote a bill for such an object, if passed by Congress.

Mr. Van Buren advocates the improvement of rivers and harbors, though he inculcates a careful guarding against the great liability to abuse, in this respect. He approves of the doctrines of the late Silas Wright, upon this subject.

He unites with the sentiments of the land reformers, relative to the public lands, with some slight differences.

He prefers a system of direct taxation to the present one of collecting duties by imposts on goods imported, but for the present supports a tariff for revenue.

On the whole, he adopts, with certain "explanations," that motley but do not essentially alter their character, the platform resolutions of the Buffalo Convention.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Charleston Mercury, which is generally supposed to speak the sentiments of the Calhoun party of South Carolina, and which has hitherto affected neutrality on the Presidential question, declines publishing any more communications in favor of Gen. Taylor, and says the Legislature will probably cast the vote of the state for the Democratic candidates. It says:

"When forced to a choice between the nominees of the Whig party and the nominees of the Democratic party, we declare our preference for the latter; and we cannot doubt, that, for the same reasons, the Legislature of South Carolina will cast the vote of the State for Cass and Butler."

Miscellaneous.

WHO STRUCK BILLY PATTERSON?

As our readers may frequently have seen this phrase used, and yet be ignorant as to its origin, we copy the following article from the New York Knickerbocker:

We have heretofore given two or three anecdotes of the somewhat eccentric Colonel Snow, as well known as an ardent temperance lecturer, the first founder of a temperance journal among us, and latterly a prominent clerk in our chief police courts. "The Colonel" was formerly from Boston, where he was a member of the City Council, as well as of the fire and military departments. He is Herculean in his proportions, standing six feet three inches in his stockings, and of corresponding stature. He it was, if we mistake not, who, in "*Striked Billy Patterson*," a fact which was recorded at the time by the late lamented Lynde M. Walter.

"Patrick Mahoney was 'considerable of a man' among his Irish brethren; a kind of leader, who was looked up to on extraordinary occasions by his countrymen; held a high place at Church; sat in the broad aisle, carried round the plate, etc. He was a 'smart' one, too, but not what is called a tall one. He was a stickler on his rights; talked loud and large; did not like to be imposed upon. His courage, however, (a very common thing), was chiefly at his tongue's end. He could bluster and fight hard with words, but was rather shy in a real fight; always had a good look out to be on the strongest side, and had a way of slipping aside when the 'jaw' was over, so as to let his backers have their share of fighting. New Billy Patterson was an intimate friend of Patrick's, a choice friend; the other half of himself; his more than brother; and Billy was not slow in getting into trouble, but hadn't quite so much a knack as Pat, to stick in getting out again. The consequence was, that Billy Patterson often got a beating, and never a worse one than in the late Broad street riot. Patrick, like a good Christian as he was, was sound asleep in Church during this celebrated fight; where every good man should have been, and, then there would have been no trouble; but Billy Patterson didn't happen to go to Church that afternoon; he was otherwise engaged, a part of the time. Billy Patterson—better luck to him hereafter!—fell into the hands of a tall fireman; a man of fair figure as well as stature; one whom you would be likely to know when you should see him again. Billy Patterson knows him, to his sorrow, and it will be a long day before he will forget him. He raised a Boston storm about his ears so deep that Billy Patterson beside getting well hose beat, came near to be buried alive in the solid drifts which fell upon him. But Billy Patterson lived through it, not exactly to see the light of the next day, for day and night were pretty much alike to him for some time, so severely were his peepers done for. When Patrick Mahoney, Billy's friend, came to hear of his mishap, he went out of the Church door as though the potentates of purgatory where at his heels. He found Billy, indeed, in a shocking state of battery, up to his eyes; and the way he 'ripped and tore' was a caution to beginners!

"'Och, by my eyes! who struck Billy Patter, son?' Where's the man that struck Billy Patterson? By the powers, if I catch the man that struck Billy Patterson, it will be a long day before he will darken his own door! Show me the man that struck Billy Patterson! I'd batter his eyes, he me soul, now, so that he couldn't see a hole through a pickaxe! Show me the man that struck Billy Patterson? And away he went in pursuit of the man that struck Billy Patterson, stirring his threats and imprecations all the way along. 'Och! just show me the fellow that struck Billy Patterson! By Saint Patrick, the patron saint of all Ireland, whether Americans or in old Ireland herself, I should like to see the man that struck Billy Patterson! Wouldn't I make the grass grow before his door before ever he'd come into the street again?—there now!' If I find the fellow that struck Billy Patterson, he'll be after being scarce hereafter, that ye may depend!' As luck and chance—these spirits that fix things as we would not have them, so often—would have it, the man that struck Billy Patterson was found, not in room the sense of Billy's particular engagement, and pointed out to Pat Mahoney. 'Is that the fellow that struck Billy Patterson?' inquired Patrick, almost frothing at the mouth, and still pouring out his high Irish in profusion, equalled only by his most lumber tongued countrymen. 'Is that the man that struck Billy Patterson? By the powers! he's a fine-looking fellow, there now!' However, Pat's courage was on the decline, when he came to see the man that struck Billy Patterson, but it would not do to shrink out; so Pat bristled up again, and got into as high a fever as ever. 'Are you the man that struck Billy Patterson? Answer me that now, sir! Tell, me, sir, was it yourself that struck Billy Patterson? Do you hear?' But Patrick couldn't frighten his subject in this way; questions of that sort did not much disturb the tall fireman. He looked down upon him with amazement, and didn't seem to know whether it were best to chop him over his head from his thumb, or answer his interrogatory. 'I ax,' he finally said, '*I stand Andy Fanteen!*—what of that?' 'Then, sir,' said Patrick, blustering up to him in the fiercest attitude, as if he was going to knock him into the next twilight, 'allow me to tell you, sir, that, by all the powers of mind, you've gotten him a pair of as pretty black eyes, sure, as ever were seen! There, now—you're a blessed fine fellow—give us your hand!'"

INGENIOUS FRAUD UPON THE POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

The reports of the special agents of the Post-office Department, from time to time, detail some very ingenious attempts at imposition and fraud on the part of persons pretending to remit money by mail. Such occurrences are by no means rare, the Union says; but the following statement exhibits, perhaps, more ingenuity and cool calculation than is often resorted to. It is an extract from a recent report of the special agent in the section where the case occurred:

"A man by the name of W. F. Wright, of Cairo, Greene county, New York, was indicted to Rev. Mr. B——, of Westville, Connecticut, in the sum of one hundred dollars. Wright went to Catskill, on the morning of the 28th of June last, and called on a clergyman, an acquaintance of his, and while there, wrote a letter to Mr. B——, stating at the same time to his friend, that he wished to remit in the letter $100, and requesting him to accompany him (Wright) to the Catskill Bank for the purpose of obtaining a $100 bank note in exchange for small bills. The note was placed in the letter, a wafer obtained of the cashier, and, accompanied by his witness, Wright proceeded at once to the post-office and deposited a letter in the letter-box. On reaching its place of destination, the letter was opened by the person to whom addressed, in the presence of the postmaster, but the money was missing. At the bottom of the letter appeared the following notice, written in a very coarse, uncultured hand:

"Mr. B: I take the liberty to borrow the money, but send the letter that you need not blame the man what sent it to you. POST BOY."

Unnecessarily a bold robbery had been committed by some postmaster or post-office clerk, and each one who was favored with an inspection of the relied letter expressed his opinion in turn as to which of the officers through which the letter had passed was most directly implicated. The case was at once put in the hands of the special agent of the Post-office department, who, after a full investigation, arrived at the following result:

"The letter, with the message from 'Post Boy' affixed, was prepared beforehand, not even omitting a double and ragged seal, to give it the appearance of having been broken open. In the way from the bank to the post office *this letter was substituted for the one containing the money*, and then the honest witness was completely duped, supposing he had seen the letter and money safely put in the office."

In the course of the investigation proof was obtained which fixed this attempt at fraud on clearly upon Wright that he admitted his guilt.

☞ It is said there are 15,000 Scandinavians in Illinois and Wisconsin.

LIFE.

BY CURRER BELL.

Life, believe, is not a dream
So dark as sages say;
Oft a little morning rain
Foretells a pleasant day.
Sometimes there are clouds of gloom,
But these are transient all;
If the shower will make the roses bloom,
Oh why lament the fall?
Rapidly, merrily,
Life's sunny hours flee by,
Gratefully, cheerily,
Enjoy them as they fly!

What though Death at times steps so
And calls our first away!
What though sorrow seems to win,
O'er hope, a heavy sway?
Yet hope again elastic springs,
Unconquered, though she fell;
Still buoyant are her golden wings,
Still strong to bear us well.
Manfully, fearlessly,
The day of trial bear,
For gloriously, victoriously,
Can courage conquer all!

A SHOOTING ANECDOTE.—It is rather dangerous going out on a shooting excursion with a green 'un, who has never had any practice in the collimomatic art—as the following amusing anecdote, from the memoirs of Sir Thomas F. Buxton will testify:

Once, when staying with Mr. Cohe, at Holham, a well known professor was also one of the visitors. The venerable historian had never had a gun in his hand, but on this occasion Mr. Cohe persuaded him to accompany the shooting party; care, however, was taken to place him at the corner of the covert, where it was thought he could do no mischief, and be out of his reach. When the cost of the party came up to the spot where he was standing, Mr. Cohe said to him—

"Well, what sport? You have been firing enough."

"Hush," says the professor, "there it goes again," and he was just raising his gun, when a man walked very quietly from the bushes about seventy yards in front of him. It was one of the beaters who had been sent to stop the pheasants, and his leather gaiters dimly seen through the bushes had been mistaken for a hare by the professor, who, much surprised by its tenacity of life, had been firing at it whenever he saw it move. "But," said Mr. Buxton, "the man had never discovered that the professor was shooting at him."

COOL PROCEEDINGS OF THE LADIES OF BALTIMORE.—During the hottest months, when the thermometer is often at the height of 120 degrees Fahrenheit, the ladies wear a silken garment or chemise, and "labonchee" or slippers, but no stockings. At night it is the custom to sleep on the terrace, at the top of the house, to inhale the air, the ladies, the men, the children, and the domestics, having each their separate terraces. Strange as it may sound to European ears, it is by no means an uncommon practice with the ladies in Baghdad, in the months of July and August, to sleep their night clothes in cold water, which is slung up for this purpose, in skins, in order to keep it as cool as possible. Having done this they put them on, wringing wet, and again retire to their beds of palm branches, to enjoy refreshing slumbers. Notwithstanding this practice, rheumatism, so prevalent in England, is rarely heard of in that country.—*Memoirs of a Bashjemlak Princess.*

DIFFERENT READINGS.—A friend gives us a good anecdote of a person who read a sentence from a letter commendatory of a genuine old master in a very sanguine way. The letter recited, should have been: "There is now here an acknowledged connoisseur, who pronounces the picture an unquestionable original;" this reading, however, was rendered as follows: "There is no where an acknowledged connoisseur," etc. We heard a word divided once, at the table d'hote at a popular hotel, which made quite a little sport. It was simply spacing thus and the "first can of shad" had contributed two to the table before us, which were in such demand that a discomfitted friend exclaimed:

"Life is a *shad*—O how it flies!"

The reader will remember the altered line.

"Life is a shadow—how it flies!"

TO EXTRACT LAMP OIL FROM A DRESS.—If lamp oil is spilled upon a dress that will not be injured by wetting, lay it immediately in a small tub of cold water. In a few hours the oil will be seen to rise to the surface; then pour off the water, replace it with fresh, and still more oil will be seen floating on the surface. Again, pour off the water, and fill the tub anew, repeating the process until no more oil can be discovered on the water. Then take out the dress, wring it well, and dry on an iron. No washing is necessary. If lamp oil, tar, or any other grease is spilled on a white dress, it can be eradicated by washing and boiling in the usual manner.

PRACTICAL THEORY.—Mr. Hoffleur, a distinguished gentleman of this county, was informed, during a recent visit to Lexington, Kentucky, by some of the bacteriolmists of that city, that they had found an effectual preventive of the peach worm. It consists of the simple application of horse stable manure, in progress of decomposition, to the roots of the tree, in the spring and fall seasons—the earth to be dug away to the depth of about three inches, and the manure to be about six inches thick, and to be kept in place by the insertion of a piece of wood between them, while the under plate is fitted with two small spikes which catch in the floor. The sharp end of the fastener is thrust under the door, and is the more firmly fixed by every attempt to open the door. The door is carried to the bedside enables the occupant of the room, at any time to withdraw the wedge, backward, and thus admit a visitor.

JOHN LEE THE—Gindey gives, in his Lady's Newspaper, the following Cape May incident:

"The society is so mixed that I don't think I shall stay." This was the observation of a woman at Cape May this season. She had spent well buying tape and pins at her mother's in Second Street. How ridiculous! Another instance presented itself, of a lady who was too conscientious to subscribe to hope, but always came in time, with a lot of children, for the refreshments.

PERSONS NOT TO BE ENVIED.—Boarders who sleep four in a room—the fifth pacified with a promise of a bed to-morrow—a man who stands an hour in a crowd to hear a political speech—he who tries to sleep after eating a peck of green fruit—speculators in stocks—a jobber who is "short"—and the man who is late to the bowl.

VIRTUE.—Virtue is so delightful, that men have sound it their interest to cultivate manners, which are in fact the appearance of virtue without virtue. Now we love the sign better than the thing signified, and prefer manners without virtue, to virtue without manners.—*Sidney Smith.*

MIND YOUR OWN BOOK.—The habit prevails considerably in the eastern States to abbreviate Missouri, *Mo.*, or *Mo.*, instead of *Ms.* Mistable matter thus directed goes to the State of *Mississippi!*—*The Bonaventure, a Missouri paper.*

☞ A clairvoyant is raising ghosts and discovering murders in Rochester. He revealed the fact, that the body of a young lady had been stolen by the doctors. The relatives examined the grave, and lo and all right.

☞ Miss Mitford is about to re edit a complete edition of all her writings, which the London journals say may be expected during the present or coming season.

☞ "Ma'am, shall I 'eat the *haven*?" Betty said. "No, Betty, eat your supper, and go to bed."

Items of News.

A MISTAKE.—A few Sabbaths since, the Rev. Dr. Fields, of Connecticut, and the Rev. Dr. Higgins, of this city, attended in company, while in London, the church of Dr. Croly, the author of "Salathiel," and whose sermons are oddly mistaken for M. Guizot and suite. As they walked away from the church, the same came running after them, with an invitation to return and see Dr. Croly in the vestry. Surprised at the unexpected favor, they turned about and beheld the Reverend gentleman coming out to meet them. "Mr. Guizot," said he, addressing Dr. F. Perceiving the mistake under which the learned divine was labouring, Dr. Higgins immediately introduced his interlocutor friend as an American clergyman, who reciprocated the civility. "Ah! American clergyman," said he, "very glad to see you—very glad." The French diplomatist and friend, also American clergyman, made a civil rejoinder, and bowed themselves out.—*Boston Times.*

MELANCHOLY AND MYSTERIOUS.—Under this caption we find the following article of news in one of our exchanges:

"Richard Thompson, of this parish, was found dead in his room yesterday morning. The Coroner immediately summoned a jury of inquest, and it being shown that when the body was found, there was lying by his side a gun, apparently recently discharged, the lock of which was connected by a string with his *foot*, the jury immediately returned a verdict of—died by his own hand!"

NEW WORK ST CHRYSANTHS.—The London Morning Chronicle says:—"It would be unpardonable not to make special mention of the fact, that the monarch's Bentley's Miscellany contains a translation with excellent prolegomena and explanatory notes of 'El Buscapie,' the long lost work of Cervantes, recently discovered in manuscript at Cadiz. Its discovery is a real event in the literary history of Europe."

THE ALBANY FIRE.—The Argus now sets down the entire loss at about one million of dollars, of which some six hundred thousand or seven hundred thousand dollars are insured, and will be promptly paid.

A NOVEL CASE OF LYCEANCE.—Two long bearded gentlemen were detected a short time since stealing two jackets from a stable. The owners of the garments waited until they had accomplished the robbery, when they seized and tied them together, matted their beards, and smeared them with warm shoemaker's wax. As soon as this was cool, they applied dry snuff to their noses alternately, and such a succession of sneezes, and spattering as ensued, it would be difficult to imagine. A large assemblage of persons enjoyed the fun immensely.

A GREAT FEAT.—A great crowd collected in St. Louis lately, to witness a man climb up a Liberty pole 220 feet high, and set the American flag on the top—and then *hand the pole up after him.* He accomplished the first, but poor, and the other until sufficient rain shall have fallen to loosen the earth around it!!

HUMBUG ON THE DEEP.—During the passage of the packet ship Wyoming, which arrived at this city not long since from Liverpool, an English lady and a Dutch gentleman united their fortunes for life, preparatory to settling in our Great West. The minister who made them one, was from far off India.

CAUTION TO SMOKERS.—A Mrs. Lawrence, residing at Hunstead Plains, Long Island, while riding the other day in a wagon, had her clothes take fire from the ashes of her husband's pipe. She was so badly burned that she died in a short time after being taken to a neighboring house.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS FOUND.—A gentleman passing through the transfer room of the Bank of Pennsylvania, the other day, found a thousand dollar bank bill upon the floor. The loser, to his infinite joy, was in the afternoon put in possession of his lost treasure.

EXTRAORDINARY.—The English papers say that the Jewish Rabbi and Tibetans, are about to petition the Queen to appoint Mr. James Cohen as British Consul. Mr. Cohen is a missionary sent by the Society for promoting Christianity amongst the Jews.

Fashions.

LADIES' FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FROM THE LADIES' GAZETTE OF FASHION.

We are now in that season when Fashion used formerly to repose from her labors; for the summer months, once established, remained without any sort of change till the winter ones were brought in. We have now completely changed that; it is true, that they are alterations of an apparently slight degree from the last dress; but though slight in appearance, they are not so in reality, for they may be highly advantageous, or quite the reverse, to the figure or features of the wearer. We are at present fortunate, in so far that the little change that has been made is of a generally becoming kind.

The great heat of the weather has brought light materials, both for robes and *pardessus*, much more forward than they have yet been, with the exception of a few early instances, and those for the early morning walk. The material and forms of robes are the same for both nankin, unbleached cambric, and striped ginghams; the two first are always made in the *redingote* forms and in a very plain style; high, close corsages; the sleeves either long or tight, or of moderate fullness, terminating in a turn-up adopted in a row of buttons, descending from the top of the corsage down the front of the skirt. The ginghams are made *en peignoir*, in some instances with a corsage *en blouse*.

We still see, in public promenade and carriage dress, much of the *redingote*, which may be by no means in a majority; barege, *gazes de laine, mousselines de soe*, striped and printed muslins; some half transparent materials, a mixture of silk and wool, and white muslin, both jaconet and clear, are in very great vogue. We must not forget a material composed of goats' hair; it is half transparent, of a very fine kind, and in beautiful patterns; it is quite a novelty with us, but was some years ago very fashionable in Paris, where it is now again very much in vogue.

FRENCH MERINOLINE DRESS.—Rose-colored taffeta chapeau, a round, very open shape; the garniture is composed of a wreath of yellow flowers. A veil of pale pink tulle, and rose-colored bridles. Green grass d'ete robe; the corsage, round at the bottom, and in the form of a shape, but not quite so much open on the bosom; demi-long sleeves. Undersleeve and chemisette of clear muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace. The skirt is trimmed with a single deep flounce, bordered and headed with a full quilling of the same material as the robe, to correspond; silver buckle. Fichu mantelet of the material of the dress, rather deep and rounded at the back, descending in short pointed ends before, open on the bosom, and trimmed all round with a full quilling.

EVENING DRESS.—Head dress of hair, a la Madonna, decorated with a wreath of pink flowers, intermingled with white ones in the tufts at the ends. White taffeta robe, a lawn d'deeply-pointed corsage, trimmed round the top with white tulle bouillonnes, ornamented in the centre with tufts of ribbon of a novel form; very short tight sleeves similarly decorated. Each side of the skirt is decorated with tulle bouillonnes, the bouillons formed by tufts of ribbon; one that terminates the bouillonnes at each side, forms a very pretty finish.

YOUNG LADY'S DRESS.—Blue silk frock; corsage tail high, square on the bosom, and bordered with two rows of black velvet ribbon. Short open mancherons, similarly bordered, over muslin sleeves a demi-quarter length, with a full bow of ribbon, trimmed with three very deep tucks, each headed with three rows of velvet. Black lace mittens.

DINNER DRESS.—Cap, formed of a round piece of tulle, encircled by a row of blonde lace, put on nearly close to the back of the head, with a cluster of coques of rose ribbon. Red lilac taffeta robe; a low corsage, and sleeve a three quarter length, open to the elbow, and trimmed with two rows of black velvet ribbon. Muslin under-sleeves, the lower part decorated with two deep falls of lace. English lace pelerine.

THE DRY GOODS TRADE.

(*From the New York Dry Goods Reporter.*)

DOMESTIC GOODS.—We have no improvement to notice in this market since our last. Business does not improve as it should with the advance of the season. Southern and South-Western buyers are coming in slowly, and those who do come, only purchase a little upon. So many of them have fair stocks on hand, particularly of woolens. But from the number of sets of cards that have been, and will be, stopped, so soon as the cotton now on hand, prepared for manufacturing, we cannot but think there will be an advance in most styles of low woolens before the close of the season. We have the assurance that over 300 sets of cards have already stopped, or are about stopping, producing about one million yards per month of cloths, cassimeres, satinets, &c.

Of the goods at Auction, the sales are scarce. Some large lots have been closed out during the week at very low prices, some of which had been three years manufactured, and sold for less than one-half what they were then held at. We are aware the consumption of these goods, of Eastern manufacture, is much less than formerly, so many substitutes are produced in the place of them; consumption, the production, however, will not increase.

We have seldom seen a greater variety of every description of American goods exhibited than at present.

In Bleached Goods samples are abundant, and we are advised the stock is fully equal to the demand. Most of these samples are offered at prices lower than we have ever seen them, and there is a disposition to shade from our quotations. The very low prices at which these goods are sold, greatly increases the consumption.

In Brown Goods there is an evident disposition to shade from our quotations, though we are not authorized to change them. Some styles of Brown Sheetings are accumulating, and but little disposition to take them in quantities. Offers for any considerable lots from wholesale parties, at half a cent under our quotations, would be sure to be accepted. Brown Drills is less abundant, and there is more firmness in prices. There has been but little inquiry for export, they having reached but 131 packages.

QUILTS.—Brown Sheetings and Shirtings 44c. Marseilles Quilts, 1 pt. 1 pt. 2 pt. 2 pt. 2

Selected Poetry.

PAST MEMORIES.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

How firm, now mute, the long-closing door
Of memory at the touch of thee!
Old hopes which long in dust have lain,
Old dreams come throbbing back again,
And boyhood lives in me;
I feel in glow upon my cheek,
In fullness of the heart it owns,
As when I heared to hear thee speak,
Or raised my doubtful eyes to thine.

I hear again thy low replies,
I feel thine arm within my own,
And tremble again at the rise
The fringed lids of hazel eyes
With soft brown tresses overblown,
And memories of sweet summer eves,
Of moonlit waves and willowy way,
Of stars, and flowers, and dewy leaves,
And smiles and tones more dear than they.

Re this, thy quiet eye hath smiled,
My pulses of thy youth to stir,
Were half a woman, half a child,
They very kindness beguiled,
And folly's self ere-stood wise in thee;
I see can smile, when o'er that hour,
The lights of memory backward stream,
Yet feel the while that touched's power
In vision than my boyhood's dream.

Years have passed on, and left their trace
Of grave care and deeper thought,
And sent me the calm, cold face
Of manhood and to thee, the grace
Of woman's sensitive beauty brought.
On life's rough river, for trains and pensive,
The school-boy's name has widely drown;
Thine, in the green and quiet waye
Of some still streaming pleasure lie.

And wider yet, on strength and dead,
Our will streaming paths incline;
Thine, the Governor's earnest creed,
While answers to my spirit's need
The Pilgrim's prayer and pilgrim life
For thee, the priestly care and prayer,
And holy day and solemn psalm;
For me, the silence reverend, where
My brethren gather, slow and calm.

Yet both thy spirit left on me
An impress Time has worn not out,
And something of myself in thee,
A shadow from the past, I see
Lingering o'er thy way about;
Not wholly can the heart unhearn
That leaves of its better hours,
Nor yet we can I am destined soon
To meet on that the path of flowers.

The Moralist.

THE YOUNG MILLER; OR, THE OLD MAN'S TALE.

The environs of Melsheim are amongst the fairest in the rich and fertile province of Alsace. The verdant meadows which surround this little town are watered by the river Brusche, and scattered hamlets and highly cultivated fields diversify the scene, whilst the bold mountain-range of the Ve-gan lend a certain grandeur to its aspect. The landscape, alternately rural and wild, arrests our attention each moment by some fresh contrast. Beyond these meadows spangled with flowers, these golden corn-fields, and blooming orchards, the mountains appear in the distance, covered with their dark pine woods, which cast a gloomy shadow over the valley beneath; and yet this sombre background serves only as a setting to the landscape—a cheerful character predominates throughout. The hamlets are white and glistening, the little gardens carefully kept, and the roads shady and pleasant. Here and there may be seen little way-side inns, used, nor so much as resting-places for the wayfarer, as points of rendezvous for the neighboring peasantry, where the young men meet to form plans for amusement, the middle-aged to escape from cross domestic care, and the more advanced in years to renew the remembrances of their youth.

Several guests were seated on a bench at the door of one of these rustic taverns, and their boisterous merriment proved that the glass had not circulated in vain. The entertainer, who might easily be recognised by the care he took duly to replenish the glasses of his companions, was a young man in the heyday of life, but whose furrowed counte nance indicated the indulgence of violent passions. His dress marked him out as being less of a peasant than of a workman. He had just called for a bottle of cherry brandy with which to regale his companions, when one of the party, looking up the road, exclaimed,

"Bring another glass here, my friends; here is Father Solomon!"

"The Old Anabaptist!" was re-echoed on every side.

"Oh, let us make room for him by all means," said the giver of the treat; "I must have a glass with Old Wisdom."

The new comer, whose approach had been the harbinger, was a man far advanced in life, wearing the grave and antique garb which is peculiar to the sects to the sect of Anabaptists. He walked with a firm step, which denoted neither haste nor sloth, followed, bearing the while on a staff formed from a knotted vine. His countenance was venerable, and yet full of cheerfulness. At sous as he came with his bearing, all the guests began to call to him to join them, and the master of the entertainment rose and advanced to meet him.

"Good-day to you, Andrew," said the old man, in a twenty tone, "and good-day to you, Stephen, and all of you. Is it here, then, my friends, that you pray to God on the Sabbath day?"

"And you, Father Solomon," inquired Stephen, "from what church are you coming here through the meadows?"

"I am coming from the greatest of all earthly temples, my children; even from that whose incense is the perfume of the meadows, and whose music is the harmonious voice of all creation."

"That is to say, you are coming from yonder fields," replied Andrew. "Well, sit down there now, good father, and tell us whether your wheat looks well?"

"Tell me first of all, how you happened to be in this country now?" replied the old man as he seated himself at the place which had been left vacant for him. "How long has Mr. Ritter's mill been able to get on without you?"

"What are Ritter and his mill to me?" exclaimed Andrew, whose countenance darkened at this question. "I care no much about them as I do about what is passing in the moon."

"Have you quarrelled with your master, my son?" inquired the Anabaptist.

"I have no longer any master, Father Solomon," hastily replied the young workman. "I left the mill yesterday; and may it hereafter have nothing to grind, unless it be old Ritter himself! never will it have crushed worse grain."

He then began to recount to the old man the long list of grievances which had finally led to his leaving the mill, of which he had been for ten years the director, mingling his narrative with imprecations against the owner, whom he accused of the basest ingratitude.

The Old Anabaptist listened tranquilly to the whole recital, and then calmly replied, "You have drunk the wine of anger, Andrew, and you see all your master's faults double. All you have now said only equals me with one fault—that you are out of place."

"And do you think that I am the one most cumbersomed by that?" inquired Andrew. "Ask old Ritter what he thinks about it; see half his mills stopped, and every day that they stand still robs him of fifty crowns—that is, of fifty pieces of his flesh. The old miser will fall sick of vexation even before he is ruined. And this is what makes me so jovial to-day, Father Solomon, because what causes grief to old sour-faces, rejoices the heart of all good fellows. Here, more glasses, my friends, and let us drink to the discomfiture of the Jew of Melsheim."

The Anabaptist took no notice of this challenge, and asked Andrew what he thought of—

"I," exclaimed the young miller; "why, I mean to hire land—a farm—and I hope to be able to clear it all scores, and in time my porch will before we parted. So long as my hand pieces remain to me, I mean to have a merry time of it."

"And you have begun to day to put this plan in execution?" inquired the old man.

"As you may perceive," replied Andrew, whose utterance was becoming somewhat indistinct, "we are trying the taste of all the casks in the inn. Hulla! mine host, let this nothing now to bring us! Let us have some little figures here quickly, that may satisfy the heart of Old Wisdom."

But the old man, as soon as he had tasted the few drops of cherry brandy which he had allowed to be poured out for him, prepared to go on his way. Andrew, however, seemed resolved to detain him.

"Stay, good father," he exclaimed, "there is always fresh pleasure and profit in hearing you talk."

"Yes," said another, "you must sing us some of the old German hymns."

"Or you will tell us stories out of the Bible," added a third.

The Old Anabaptist made some attempts at remonstrance, but they would not listen to any excuse; first his hat was carried off, then his staff, and finally he was forced to resume his seat by the side of Andrew.

The old man showed no symptoms of ill-humor at this species of friendly violence which was offered him. "Everything must give way to youth," said he, cheerfully; "but since you will keep me in spite of myself, you must take the consequence, and put up with one of my sermons."

"French away—preach away, then, Father Solomon," exclaimed the merry group, with one voice; "we are all ready to listen."

This willing acquiescence was easily to be accounted for, by the knowledge possessed by Andrew and his companions, of the nature of the old man's pious mode of instruction. Want to talk of his sermons, were, for the most part, identical with those which he had already given to the same group, whenever he chanced to meet them. Andrew, however, had always duly paid respect to the old man, and listened with much seeming patience to the tedious recitals of his discourses; and, if he had not been forced to listen to the old man's sermons, even as they would have done to some favorite legend, Father Solomon was in their eyes a sort of relation, whom hospitality seemed duly incumbent upon them to treat with the respect and attention. Andrew filled the glasses once more, and the whole party, each resting his folded arms upon the table, bent forward to listen with the deepest attention.

The old man proceeded: "I will not relate to you," said he, "this day either any legend of our country or any stories drawn from the Sacred Volume; either one or the other would be too grave for your present mood. I will rather treat you as children, by telling you a nursery tale as it is related on the other side of the Rhine.

"In olden times, there was a time when everything was different from what it is now-a-days, there lived at Mathesin a young man named Otto, who was intelligent and daring, but who never knew how to accomplish one important fact—that of holding his own passions. When he desired a thing, nothing could prevent him from attaining it; and his passions resembled those stormy streams which sweep across rivers, valleys, and mountains, destroying all that opposes their progress. Being reared of the tranquil life he led at Mathesin, he took it into his head one fine day to set out on a long journey, with the hope that he might discover fortune and happiness in its course. He accordingly swung upon his shoulder a pocket containing his best clothes, placed in a bag hung around his waist all the money he possessed, and started on his way without knowing whither he was bound.

"After journeying on for some days, he found himself at the entrance of a forest, which seemed to stretch on all sides as far as the eye could reach. He been accomplished three other travellers, who seemed to have passed, like himself, to repose themselves before plunging into its depths. One was a tall, proud-looking woman, with a threatening aspect, who held in her hand a javelin; the other a young girl, who lay half asleep in a chariot drawn by four bullocks; and the third was an old woman clad in rags, and with a ragged mien. Otto saluted them, and inquired whether they were acquainted with the road through the forest; and on their replying in the affirmative, he requested permission to follow them, lest he should lose his way.

"They all three consented, and proceeded on their way in company with the young man. The latter soon perceived that his companions were endued with powers which God has not bestowed on all His creatures, but this discovery awakened no uneasiness in his mind, and he pursued his journey, chatting the while with his three fellow-travellers.

"They had already gone on thus for some hours together, when they heard a horse's hoof approaching. Otto turned round to see who it was, and recognized a bourgeois from Mathesin, whom he had hated for many a long year, and whom he looked upon as his greatest enemy. The bourgeois was gained on the pedestrians, glanced at Otto with a scornful smile, and passed on. All the young man's ire was roused to the utmost. 'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'I would give all I possess now, and the best part of my future inheritance to boot, if I could only revenge myself on that man for his insolence to me!' 'Do not distress yourself about that, for I can easily satisfy your wish,' said the tall woman with the javelin. 'Shall I transform him into a blind and infirm beggar for you? You have only to say the price of the transformation.' 'And what would the reward be?' eagerly inquired Otto. 'The right eye.' 'Gladly would I give it to be really avenged.'

"The young man had hardly uttered the words, when the promised change was effected in the rich bourgeois, and Otto found himself at the same moment blind of an eye. He felt at first somewhat dismayed; but he soon consoled himself for his loss by remembering that his remaining eye sufficed to give him the enjoyment of witnessing the rage of his enemy's misery.

"He then proceeded on his way, continued to walk on for several hours without coming any end to the gloomy forest; the road was each moment becoming more hilly and ragged. Otto, who was beginning to feel somewhat fatigued, looked with so anxious eye upon the chariot, in which the young girl female of the party lay half reclining at her ease. It was so ingeniously constructed, that the deepest ruts hardly gave it more than a gentle swing. 'All roads must appear short and good in this chariot,' he said, approaching it with a wistful look: 'I would give a great deal to have one like it.' 'Is that all you want?' rejoined the second of his companions. 'I can satisfy your desire in a moment.' She struck with her foot the bank which bore her. It immediately landed itself, and a second chariot, of exactly the same graceful and easy proportions, and drawn by two fine black bullocks, presented itself to his astonished view. When he had somewhat recovered from his amazement, he thanked the young girl, and was about to step into his newly-acquired vehicle, when she mentioned him to stop. 'A have,' said she, 'fulfilled your desire, but I do not intend to make a worse bargain than my sister; you gave her one of your eyes, I require one of your arms.'

"Otto was at first somewhat disconcerted by his request; but he was beginning to feel very gaily; the chariot seemed waiting most inviting to receive him; and, as I before told you, he had never been accustomed to resist the impulse of the moment. So, after some slight hesitation, he agreed to the bargain, and found himself seated in his new equipage, but at the same time deprived of his right arm. They now proceeded for some time on their journey without interruption. The wooded mountain seemed to stretch itself out to an interminable length. Otto soon began to feel the cravings of hunger and thirst. The old woman clad in rags quickly perceived it. 'You are becoming gloomy, my lad,' said she. 'When the stomach is empty, the mind disengagement.' 'Alas!' said the young man's eye remedy against want and despair.' 'What is it then?' inquired the young man. 'You see this flagon which I carry after me?' she replied. 'It contains forgetfulness of pain, joy, and the brightest visions of hope; whoever drinks of it becomes happy; and I will not drive with you a harder bargain than my sisters, for I only require in exchange one-half of your brain.'

"This time the young man rejected the offer, he began to feel a sort of terror at these seemingly bargains. But the old hag induced him to taste the liquor contained in the flagon, and when he had once done so, it appeared to him to delicious, that his resolution gave way, and he acceded to the bargain. The promised effect was not long in making itself felt. Scarcely had he quaffed the tempting beverage, when he felt his strength revive—his heart became joyous, and full of confidence; and when he had slung all the songs he could remember, he fell quietly asleep in his chariot, perfectly indifferent to what might become of him. When he awoke, his three companions had disappeared, and he found himself alone at the entrance of a village. He attempted to rise, but one side of his body seemed paralyzed; he tried to look around him, but the one eye which now alone remained to him, was dim and uncertain; he tried to speak, but his tongue faltered, and his ideas were confused. Now at length he began to comprehend the great were the sacrifices to which he had so lightly consented. His three fellow-travellers he regarded him from the level of humanity—a crippled idiot, no other resource remained for him than to beg his daily bread from door to door during the remainder of his days."

Here the Old Anabaptist ceased. Andrew struck his fist upon the table, and burst into a noisy laugh. "*Me far!*" said he, "I think your friend Otto was a fool, Father Solomon, and that he only got what he deserved. As to his three companions, they were thorough sharpers, whose names I should be glad to know, that I may take care to avoid them.

"It is easy to tell you that," said the old man "for their names are well known to all. The name of the tall woman with the javelin is Idleness; that of the young girl reclining in the chariot is Sloth; and that of the old hag with the flagon is Intemperance.'

"Well, I am quite understand that when one has to deal with such customers, one gets the worst of the bargain," replied the young miller; "but still I adhere by my old opinion, Otto deserved no better."

"Alas!" replied the old man, gravely, "I know some other people in the world who are no wiser than he was. What should you say, for instance, to a lad who, for the sake of running a matter with whom he had quarrelled, exposes himself to the misfortune of being left without employment? Do you think he is blessed with his full sight?—or has he not rather sold one of his eyes to Hatred? And to this, that he wishes to give himself when he calls a 'merry time of it'—that is to say, to taste the pleasures of idleness, without reflecting that, once concentrated in idleness, and enervated by idleness, he will no longer find it so easy to regain the use of the two most arms which in former days constituted his wealth. Finally, to consoles himself under his vexations, he has already lost in the tavern one-half of his senses, and he will, before long, be deprived of the use of them altogether. If Gaze was a fool, what opinion can Andrew have of one who is imitating his example?"

The group began to laugh; Andrew alone remained grave and silent. He did not seek any longer to detain the Old Anabaptist, but suffered him to depart without even saying farewell. Evidently the lesson had wounded him, as lessons which come home to our consciences generally do. But such counsels are often like those bitter draughts which at first are not only distasteful to our palate, but seem even to increase our malady; yet afterwards they prove a means of restoring to health. Andrew reflected all night on Otto's history, and next morning he returned to Monsieur Ritter's mill, where he resumed the duties which he ought never to have abandoned.

☞ The Orange Bonnet have formally protested, in some of the journals, against the transit of electric telegraph wires through their lands, as injurious to life and property, and pernicious to the crops.

Wit and Humor.

THE BOY WHO TOOK THE PRIEST'S ADVICE.

A Priest going along one Sunday, on the road, saw a boy in very ragged dress, sitting dangling his feet in the water of a brook that ran by it.

"Well, my boy," said the good father; "what makes you sit there to-day, and why don't you go to the chapel?"

"It is because I'm not just fit to be seen there, because of the raggedness of my clothes," said the boy.

"And who may your parents be, not what are they doing, that they don't see you better clad, and going to the chapel on a Sunday?"

"I can't exactly say," replied the boy, "what they may be doing just now, because they have been dead some years, and I get along as well as I can without them."

"But you should not neglect going to chapel," said the Priest; "and if you are ashamed of your clothes, why, I would have you get up betimes in the morning and step into the chapel, when nobody is there, and say your prayers, and, depend upon it, God will be dropping something in your way."

So the boy thanked his reverence for his advice, and promised to follow it. Some time after, as the Priest was going the same way, he saw the same boy, but now very much altered in appearance; and he hardly knew well dressed.

"Well, my boy, did you follow my advice, and do you now go to the chapel?"

"Ah! bless your reverence," replied the lad; "that I did, indeed, and I wish I had seen you years before—for it was the best day of my life when I did see you."

"How was that?" asked the Priest.

"Why, God bless your reverence! I got up early in the morning, as you advised me, and went away to the chapel, and as I did not want to be idle, I kneeled down and said my prayers, and, sure enough, it was just as your reverence said it would be—Providence was after dropping something in my way directly. When I first went in, there was nobody there; but presently there came a blind man, and he put his head into the chapel and said, 'Is any body here?' and when nobody answered, for I kept quite still, for I would not what Providence would be after; the blind man entered, and made his way to a seat, and began saying his prayers. And presently another blind man came and put in his head, and said, 'Is any body here?' And the first blind man answered and said: 'There is nobody but me, and I am blind.' And with that, the second blind man entered, and made his way to the first blind man, and sat down by his side, and they began to talk. And the one blind man asked the other how long he had been blind? and he said, 'Eighteen years.'

"'Eighteen years! that is a very long time, why, you must have saved a power of money in all that time.'

"'Nay,' replied the first man, not so much as you think—had has been my best luck. I have only saved £10, and I have it stitched into my cap, here, that nobody may steal it.'

"And with that, your reverence," said the boy, "I saw that all your reverence had said was the truth; and the gentleman there dropped something in my way immediately. So I up and went softly up to the man, and took earth his cap away out of his hand, and made for the door. But, oh! the two blind men—but they were astonished, and they sat quiet and looked at the chair, and one said to 'Oh! you thief of the world! but ye have stolen my cap and my money from me!' and the other said 'Nay, ye thief of the world! but ye have stolen my cap and my money!' And to it they went like furies, and soon the people came into the chapel and found them rolling on the floor together, and screaming that the one had robbed the other, and the other had robbed the one—but no cape nor money were there to be seen—and then both the men were more astonished than ever. But I was by that time out of the chapel, blessing your reverence for the true words ye had said to me, for, true enough, Providence had dropped something in my way all at once. And now your reverence seem that I dress decently as any boy of mine all, and go to the chapel every Sunday; and when I bless the day that I met your reverence as I did."

PASSAGES IN THE VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE.

Mr. Doddridge was once in the Chair; and, there being no business going on, pulled out some ballads, and began to count them. General Blackburn rose and said:

"Mr. Speaker, I move that those *Bills* be laid upon the table."

Doddridge hastily modified his notes into his pocket, and said, "The gentleman from Bath is out of order!"

A bashful member (from Augusta, I think) rose to make his maiden speech, on some local question interesting to his constituents, and began:

"Mr. Speaker: what shall I say to my constituents?" and then, unable to utter another syllable, stood, with lips apart, in state stupefaction of terror.

General Blackburn, leaning forward in his seat, said, in a whisper audible to all over the house, "Tell 'em you tried to make a speech!" The poor victim of bashfulness sank down upon the bench, and never attempted to speak afterwards.

When the late Governor Barbour was Speaker, a member from a Southside county (whom I shall call Mr. Kyle) rose to speak, unannounced, perhaps it was his maiden speech. He was very much in love with the beauteous Miss Fonray, daughter of Dr. Fonray, who was also a member. Mr. K. began:

"Mr. Speaker! I rose freighted with opinions too big for utterance, yet too momentous and too mighty to be suppressed. (Here Dr. Fonray entered the hall.) But yonder comes Dr. Fonray!" and down Mr. K. sat, without further power of utterance.

The Speaker, willing to relieve his embarrassment, and, rally his fainting spirit, called out, "Mr. Kyle has the floor!" Mr. K. hemmed once or twice and said:

"Mr. Speaker! The grandest thoughts were in my mind, that it ever entered into my soul to conceive; but, sir, to my own grief, and to the great loss of mankind, they were entirely dissipated by the entrance of Dr. Fonray!" He sat down, and spoke no more that day.

The names are feigned in this anecdote.—*Southern Literary Messenger.*

A COURT SCENE.

There is a point beyond which human forbearance cannot go, and the most even of tempers will become ruffled at times. At the Assizes held during the past year at Lincoln, in England, both Judge and counsel had much trouble to make the timid witnesses upon a trial speak sufficiently loud to be heard by the jury, and it is possible that the temper of the counsel may thereby have been turned aside from the even tenor of its way, and the more irritable prove of the two in being feelings to be a man of considerable importance since he had married a dowager Duchess. After this gentleman had gone through the various stages of bar pleading, and had coaxed, threatened, and even bullied witnesses, there was one called into the box, a young sailor, who appeared to be simplicity personified.

"Now, sir," said the above named counsel, in a tone which at any other time would have been denounced as rightly based, "I hope we shall have no difficulty in making you speak up."

"I hope not, sir," was shouted, or rather bellowed out by the witness, in tones which almost shook the building, and would have certainly startled any timid or nervous body.

"How dare you speak in that way to me?" said the counsel.

"Please, sir, I can't speak no louder, sir," said the astonished witness, attempting to shout louder than before, evidently thinking the fault to lie in speaking too low.

"Pray, have you been drinking this morning?" shouted the counsel, who had now thoroughly lost the last remnant of his temper.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"And what have you been drinking?"

"Cocoa, sir."

"And what did you have in your cocoa, sir?" shouted the exasperated counsel.

"A spoon, sir," was the answer, unusually spoken, amid the cheers of the whole Court, excepting only the now thoroughly wild counsel, who flung down his brief and rushed out of the Court.

A PILL FOR PILL MAKERS.—Bad grammar, says an exchange, makes people very often tell the truth, especially when they are dealing in patent pill literature. The following letter from a Mr. Jones, was delivered by the author of the "Great Eastern Steamer Scorbutic Pill," on Saturday last:—

PLEASANTVILLE, Aug. 5.

Dear Sir—This will inform you that my family has long been very badly afflicted with all kind of worse. For years we have been using all kind of remedies in the hope of finding relief, but to no purpose. As a last resort, we, last week, purchased a box of your Grand Junction Ebenezer Pills, gave a dose to our three smallest children, and in less than twenty-four hours it cured *two off.*

Yours, with the most indignant thanks,

WM. GREEN

ROYAL WIT.—In the neighborhood of Hedham Castle, Dumfriesshire, there is a tower called Repentance. A pleasant answer of a shepherd's boy to Sir Richard Steele, founded on the name of this tower, is related. Sir Richard having observed a boy lying on the ground, and very attentively reading his Bible, asked him "if he could tell the way to Heaven?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, "you must go by that tower."

JUDGMENT BEFORE ARGUMENT.

Among those high-class dandies in city of the Thames, there is one young gentleman who holds the responsible office of justice of the peace. He knows some little about law, and a great deal of natural justice. He determines, frequently, to avoid the indignation of the young barrister who attended Judson Hall, but he never suffered himself to be influenced by the statutes which were brought up against his opinions, or the indirect threats of disappointed law corporations. In fact his office was a court of equity in every sense. It was neither a court of law nor a court of chancery, but a court of justice, and bound to administer justice, and no petty technicalities shall ever make me decide against the teachings of my conscience." It is hardly necessary to say that many curious things happened in the office of this independent justice.

A case was one day brought before the squire, which certainly required the most peculiar system of administering justice. John Doe had sued Richard Roe for a just debt, but Richard had, by the aid of an attorney, found a loophole by which he escaped from the payment of the necessity of payment. The case were a very doubtful aspect, and both parties employed lawyers to plead for them.

The figure heard the witnesses patiently, nay to his feet, wrote a few seconds at his desk, seated himself again, and gave signs of being ready to attend to whatever might be said. The counsel for the defence made the most of his quibble in a speech which lasted an hour. When he had concluded, the plaintiff's counsel rose and labored and perspired for another hour to overturn the quibble. He also finished; and then followed a slight pause. The figure sat still, puffing a segar and apparently quite at ease. The lawyers both picked up their hats, looked at each other and then at the motionless figure. At length the counsel for defendant spoke:

"I suppose you'll require a day or two to think about this case, Squire."

"Can't say I'll ever think of it again," replied the figure, with an air of mingled indolence and indifference.

"What do you mean?" inquired the other lawyer.

"What do you mean, gentlemen?" asked the figure.

"We wish to know when we may look for a decision," said defendant's counsel.

"You may look for it now if you please, gentlemen—here is the decision."

"The decision?"

"Yes. I entered judgment for the plaintiff (looking at his watch) *a little better than two hours ago.*"

"This, gentlemen, is my ——

But the lawyers did not wait until the sentence was finished; nor did they even again appear before the just justice without being sure that they dealt in plain facts, unencumbered by law technicalities and quibbles.

MRS. PARTINGTON'S LAST.—"What a little people make because children happen to have something that cost them a penny!" said Mrs. Partington "of ours" as she read an account of many men who had been distinguished in early years. "Now, all these together don't know so much as Daily Spriggs's baby. That is a perfect prodigy! he can't talk a bit intellect! Why it got through its gun-goggles and into its bar-bars about it was seven months old, so it did, and when it was only a year and a half it emptied a muff box down its precious old grand-mother's throat as she was asleep, and broke its high chair and the old lady afore she could wake up to conventionness and spit it out."

NOT TO BE BEATEN.—At the conclusion of an evening social visit, a few evenings since, with two other friends, upon taking our leave, and being in an exceedingly amiable and happy mood of mind, and desirous of gaining a reputation for agreeability and erudition, we, meaning, of course, the writer of this article, said good night in the Spanish language, *Buenas noches.* Another, desirous of concluding so, had the ladies his adieu in French, *Bon soir*, while the third and last, not wishing to be outdone, to our astonishment and edification, was heard to pronounce, "Ladies, *E Pluribus Unum!*"

NOT AT HOME.—When Cibber once went to visit Booth, and knew that he was at home, a female domestic denied him. Colley took no notice of this, but went his way. A few days afterwards Booth paid him a visit in return—he called out from the first door that he was *not at home!*

"How can that be," answered Booth, "*do I not hear your voice?*"

"To be sure you do," replied Cibber; "but what then? I believed your *servant said*, and it is hard indeed if you won't believe me."

A GOOD PUN.—A gentleman relating to Horn his reason for taking his child, "an only son," from a boarding school, remarked that the room was so situated as not to allow a particle of air to reach it.

"Not even quite right," said the inveterate, "for had you allowed your son to remain there, you would have been both motion and air, yourself."—*Yankee Blade.*

Selected Articles.

AMERICANISMS.

The Literary World contains the following remarks upon a "Dictionary of Americanisms," by J. R. Bartlett, recently published:

We rejoice that some one has at length taken the American tongue in hand; nor could the matter have fallen into better hands than those of Mr. Bartlett, who has long been a student of the Union in get up his vocabulary of the various Americanesse idioms. There is many a phrase here which, although frequently used in our country newspapers, would be "above one's head" so far that he ought to be "spoken to" before "taking the corn," all of which expressions the reader will find explained and illustrated with quotations, upon the first page of Mr. Bartlett's Dictionary.—Now although it be only in the most select circles that the Queen's Allegiance disappears, yet it is well for people generally to be aware of their true purport. Americans, "the most intelligent people on earth," should at least be fully conversant with all the lights and shades of their own language.

But let us look at this matter in a more serious light. A friend recently travelling in England, after an agreeable conversation in the cars with a well-informed islander, was complimented by the Englishman as speaking English remarkably well for a native; in the American very properly took an early opportunity to pester himself.

"I beg your pardon," said our friend, "I do not talk English!"

"Not English!"

"No, I talk American-ese, as I perceive you do; for the English, as spoken by a majority of your countrymen, seems to be a very different thing from my vernacular."

The whole of the remark struck the opposite party, and led to a familiar discussion, in which the English gentleman confessed himself wrecked.

Now without taking the Cockney talk of Dickens's principal characters, or the provincialisms of the different counties of England as specimens of the prevalent language of the people, it must be admitted that the language of Shakspeare and Milton, to which both nations are common heritage, is more universal in this country than in England.—An ingenious article, in a former number of this journal, entitled "Mister Vanderchum," offered a curious list of phrases in familiar use in this country, and often termed vulgarisms by half-enlightened ignorance, all of which were long since made classic by Ford, Massinger, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and the other elder dramatists. A vast majority of our supposed modern slang phrases belongs to the order of words. The term "to cotton to," which Mr. Bartlett merely notes as being of common use in the Southwestern States, meaning "to take a liking to you—to stick to him as cotton would," still is common colloquial use in England, as we are informed, on our repeatedly in Beaumont and Fletcher. The same denunciation, too, in its present sense, the verb to *lam*—which a witty American child derived from the Latin *lamina*, to lick, and which Walter Scott, in a note to Peveril of the Peak, erroneously deduced from the treatment of Dr. Lamb by the mob of Peveril's time.

The verb to *progress*, which the English so long laughed at as an Americanism, we believe they have latterly re-admitted into the language, upon the authority of Shakspeare and Ford, backed by Washington Irving and the London Quarterly Review.

"Let me wipe off this honorable dew
That silently doth progress on my cheeks."
SHAKSPEARE.

"—Although the popular blast
Hath roared the worst we to bestride a cloud
Or progress to the chariot of the sun."—FORD.

Even the word *calculate* may be found, if we recollect aright, used in its American sense, in a passage of "Julius Cæsar." Now, while Young England is constantly degrading the flow of its manly vernacular with sloppy words, like "potter," or new applications of old words, like "peg of